

At the table in the center  
Of the room, alone save for the small  
Utensils of my art, I sit  
In easy concentration, making designs  
With colored sand on paper.

Soon the clock on the mantle  
Will strike an indeterminate number  
In an endless sequence of notes,  
And I shall rise from my chair.  
Many kisses shall precede me to bed.

How THE FOOTBALL Was BORN

An elephant in swimming trunks  
Was flying through the dark  
Carrying the Earth on his back.

When he got to the edge of the  
Ocean, he stopped, leaned over  
And yelled down to the Chinese  
Gatekeeper who thrives inside  
The boiling core of Everybody's  
Mind. "Hey, give me a hand with  
This tomato, will you?" And the  
Chinaman, himself not unfamiliar  
With childhood, and believing all  
The while it was a balloon, blew  
It up to its present size, the

Shape of which resembles his eyes.

-- Ken Dobel

Santa Rosa, California

the ladies still don't care

the whole thing is over,  
bastards, I've been  
banging the walls for 3 days and 4 nights  
chained in the corner of the room  
in my own  
hardened jism.  
I can't get out to pay the rent  
or buy a paper.  
somebody drunk upstairs  
has been playing the